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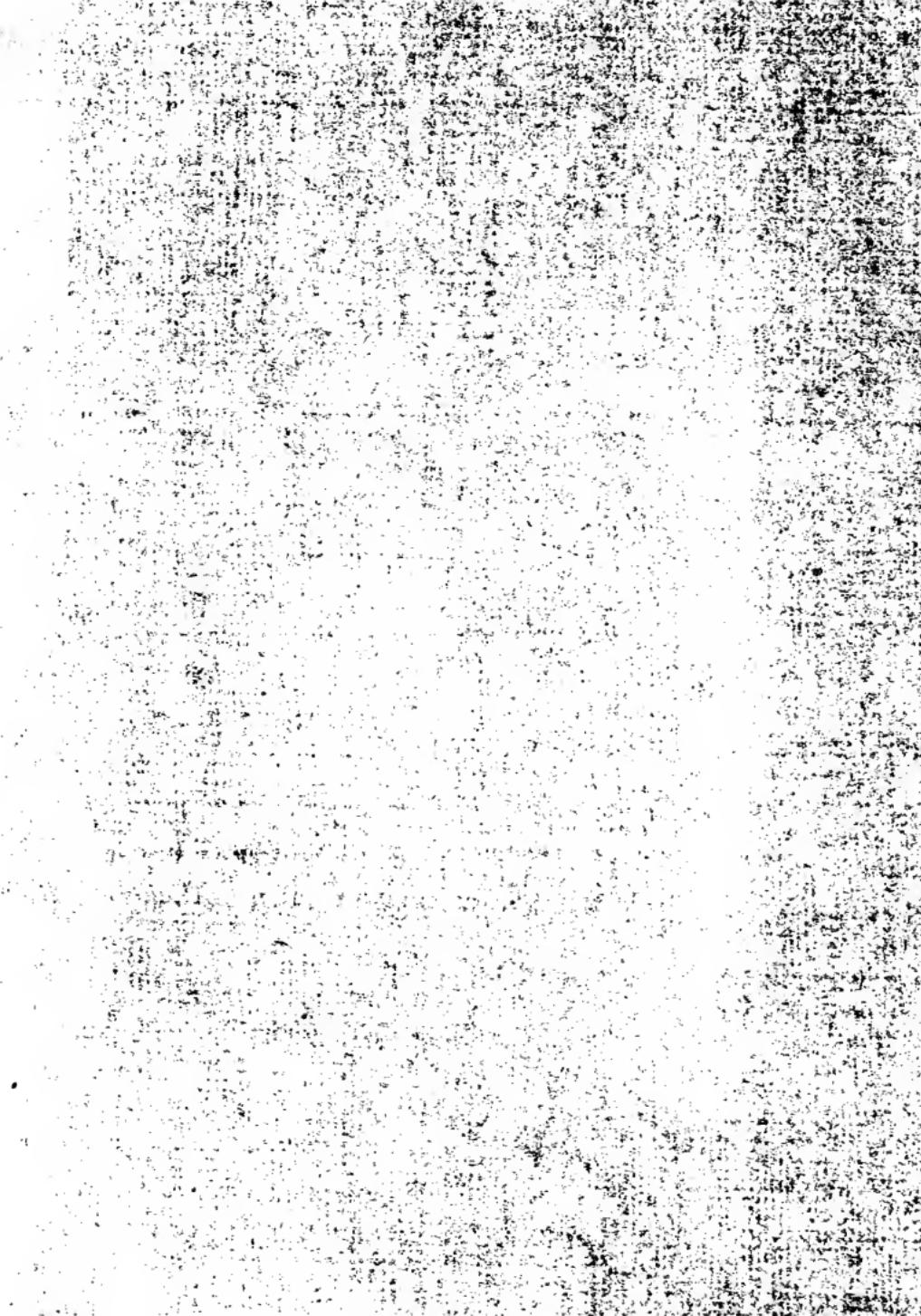


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LOS ANGELES

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE
GREEK ANTHOLOGY
C. W. MELLOR



W. Wakeland

Write C. W. Mello's kind regards

TRANSLATIONS

LATIN AND ENGLISH VERSE
TRANSLATIONS FROM THE
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

C. W. MELLOR

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
To Zeus of Scheria	Julius Polyaenus 2
Hesperus	Plato 2
The Season of Calm	Agathias 4
Thermopylae	Parmenio 6
To Sparta	Author unknown 6
Mice in a Scholar's Garret	Ariston 8
The Inmost Shrine	Meleager 8
A Cool Drink	Simonides 10
Grave of a Drowned Sailor	Author unknown 10
Troy	Agathias 12
The Forest Spring	Hermocreon 14
Thyrsis	Myrinus 14
The Rabies of Love	Paulus Silentarius 16
Satis Superque	Archias 16
The Old Fisherman	Macedonius 18
Tychon, God of Small Things	Perseus 20
The Burnt Hulk	Leonidas of Tarentum 20
Roma	Melinno 22
Homer	Alpheus 24
Time's Little Ironies	Plato 24
Three Brothers to Pan	Archias 26
On a Statue of a Sleeping Ariadne	Author unknown 26
The Old Husbandman	Author unknown 28
Mycenae	Alpheus 30
Her Crown of Flowers	Meleager 30
Mycenae	Pompeius 32
On a Cupid breaking a Thunderbolt	Author unknown 32
The Tomb of Baucis	Erinna 34

	PAGE
Erinna	Leonidas of Tarentum 36
Death in Exile	Tymnes 36
Trahit sua Quemque Voluptas	Strato 38
On the Statue of the Cnidian Venus .	Author unknown 38
Reason <i>v.</i> Love	Rufinus 40
Venus Armed	Author unknown 40
The Cynicism of Love	Meleager 42
An Exchange	Plato 42
The Tomb of Sophocles	Simmius 44
The Grave of Anacreon	Author unknown 44
The Dead Friend	Author unknown 46
Pitiless Love	Meleager 46
Euripides	Thucydides 48
The Glory of the Heavens	Ptolemaeus 48
The Fear of Death	Agathias 50
On a Silver Statuette of a Sleeping Satyr .	Plato 50
The Grave of a Dog	Author unknown 52
Youth and Age	Author unknown 52
The Worn-out Plough Ox	Addaeus 54
Safe in Port	Author unknown 54
The Children of Nicander and Lysidace	Author unknown 54
Hermes	Nicias 56
The Fall of Berytus	Author unknown 56
Vain Hope	Author unknown 56
Pindar	Antipater of Sidon 58
The Land of Erythrae	Homer 58
To a Flower Girl	Dionysius 59
To my Soul	Theognis 59
The Spartan Dead at Thermopylae	Simonides 59
Farewell	60

Lenimen dulce senectae.

Ovid, Met. vi, 500.

TO ZEUS OF SCHERIA.

A. Pal. ix. 7. Julius Polyaenus.

QUI tibi agunt grates, faciunt qui vota timentes,
Plurimus illorum clamor ad astra venit,
Obtunditque aures, Scheriae, Pater optime, campum
Qui regis. At votis annue, sancte, meis.
Sit modus exsilii, mihi mille laboribus acto
In patria liceat jam requiesce meâ.

HESPERUS.

A. Pal. vii. 670. Plato.

ASTRUM lucebas qui vivos inter Eoum,
Mortuus exanimos, Hespere, luce foves.

O ZEUS of Scheria's holy plain, the fears
Of those who pray, their thanks too who rejoice
In answered prayer, for ever fill thine ears
With myriad cries. Yet hear, O hear, my voice.
To end my toil abroad true promise give
And in my native land O let me live.

O NCE as the morning star your light
O'er living men you shed.
Now that you're gone, as Hesperus bright
You shine among the dead.

THE SEASON OF CALM.

A. Pal. x. 14. Agathias.

CAERULEUM pelagus somno jacet. Excita ventis
Non jam candentes erigit unda jubas.
Nec sese illidunt scopulis, aestuve retracta
Aequora Neptuni rursus in alta ruunt.
Respirant Zephyri, et stipulis contexta lutoque
Tecta super Procne pipilat usque loquax.
Eja age, solve metus, seu, nauta, attingere Syrtes,
Litora Sicaniae seu lapidosa petis.
Tutoris modo dona aris impone Priapi,
Et rubros pisces ignibus ure piis.

CALM ocean darkling lies. No ruffling breeze
Whitens with crested waves the placid main.
And shattering on the rocks no swirling seas
 Sweep headlong back into the deep again.
Soft Zephyrs breathe, and ever you may hear
 The swallow twittering o'er her straw-glued home.
Take heart and sail; whether to Syrtes drear
 Or to Trinacria's pebbly shore you roam.
But first to the Harbour God, Priapus, turn
And on his altar-fires red gurnards burn.

THERMOPYLAE.

A. Pal. ix. 304. Parmenio.

MORE novo qui fecit iter, tranavit et altos
Montes velificans, Oceanumque pedes;
Illum Sparta hastis potuit retinere trecentis
Non vos, O montes, vos, freta lata, pudet?

TO SPARTA.

A. Pal. vii. 723. Author unknown.

URBS invicta diu, nunquam temerata per annos,
Fumus ab Eurotâ nuntiat, Hostis adest.
Nidificans miser ales humi, quia deficit arbos,
Te plorat, vacuum lustrat ovile lupus.

HIM, who of earth and ocean changed the way,
And sailed o'er land, and walked upon the sea,
We Spartans with three hundred spears did stay.
Mountains and seas, ashamed ye well may be.

THE smoking camp fires on Eurotas show
O once inviolate, the advancing foe.
Birds, mourning thee, nest on thy treeless ground,
And wolves thine empty sheep-folds prowl around.

MICE IN A SCHOLAR'S GARRET.

A. Pal. vi. 303. Ariston.

SI petitis panem, mures, aliunde necesse est
Quaerere, me siquidem cellula parva tenet.
Ite alio, quâ vos expectat caseus, et quâ
Frusta ministrabunt, uaque sicca dapes.
Si comissantes iterum violare libellos
Audetis, dapibus mors dabit atra modum.

THE INMOST SHRINE.

A. Pal. v. 155. Meleager.

HELIODORA, mihi cor cordis sculptor in imo
Ipse tui formam pectore finxit Amor.

GO elsewhere, mice, if seeking bread ye come
I'm poor, and in a simple garret live.
Go where a rich cheese in some wealthier home
 And scraps and raisins full repasts will give.
But my loved books with your sharp teeth if you
Attack once more your revel you shall rue.

HELIODORA of the lovely voice
In my heart's inmost shrine
Soul of my soul, your own dear image stands
 Sculptured by love divine.

A COOL DRINK.

Athenaeus 125. Simonides.

HAC nive deproperans Boreas contexit Olympum,
Cum rapidus Thraces deseruisset agros.
Frigore et horrebant homines. Nix deinde sepulta est
Atque in Pieriâ viva latebat humo.
Illiis immiscendum aliquid. Bene frigida amico
Pocula tam caro suppeditare decet.

THE GRAVE OF A DROWNED SAILOR.

A. Pal. vii. 350. Author unknown.

QUEM tegat hic tumulus tu, navita, quaerere vita,
At maria assignent Dî meliora tibi.

THIS snow on great Olympus' shoulder steep
The northwind spread when down from Thrace it swept,
While ill-clad mortals shivered. Buried deep
Then in Pierian soil alive it kept.
Now mix some in my cup. No one would think
Of offering to a friend a tepid drink.

ASK not whose tomb I am. May fate to thee
O mariner, grant a more propitious sea.

TROY.

A. Pal. ix. 155. Agathias.

SI Spartâ satus es, noli ridere: dederunt
Exitium soli non mihi tale dei.
Nec lacrimis, Asiane, opus est, quando omnis in orbe
Urbs sceptri Aeneadum sub ditione jacet.
Marti olim hostili mea moenia templa potestas
Tecta domos fuerit depopulare, licet,
Fio iterum regina. At tu, mea filia, Roma,
Imperii Graium subjice colla jugo.

IF thou art Spartan, mock at me no more,
Not I alone have fall'n by Fate's decree.
Nor, Son of Asia, mourn, the wide world o'er
To Dardan rule each city bows the knee.
What though the jealous foe laid waste my home,
My shrines and battlements in days long past,
I'm Queen once more. Do thou, my daughter Rome,
On Hellas' neck thy yoke of bondage cast.

THE FOREST SPRING.

A. Pal. ix. 327. Hermocreon.

HUNC fontem inveniens manantem munera, Nymphae
Pegasides, vobis haec dedit Hermocreon.
Vivite, et haec sedes pedibus calcata decoris
Humida saepe haustus det mihi dulcis aquae.

THYRSIS.

A. Pal. vii. 703. Myrinus.

ILLE ovium custos Nymphaeum Thyrsis, agresti
Quem Faunus calamo vix superare potest,
Ebrius en pinus sub tegmine dormit, ovesque
Ipse pedum sumens curat amicus Amor.

HERMOCREON chancing on this trickling spring
Brought, water-nymphs, to you this offering.
Live on, and treading with your lovely feet
This damp haunt keep it full of water sweet.

WHILE Thyrsis, shepherd of the Nymphs, who can
Play on the pipes as tunefully as Pan,
Lies 'neath the pine at noon, in drunken sleep,
Love takes his shepherd's crook and tends the sheep.

THE RABIES OF LOVE.

A. Pal. v. 266. Paulus Silentarius.

QUEM canis, ut perhibent, rabidus laniavit, in omni
Illi apparebit forma liquore canis.

Jam rabies animum pariter mihi vastat, acerbo
Me siquidem rabidus dente momordit Amor.
Scilicet in ponto, fluviis, vinoque figura
Protinus ante oculos stat tua, cara, meos.

SATIS SUPERQUE.

A. Pal. v. 98. Archias.

ITELIS, Cytherea, alium pete; corporis istis
Vulneribus certo pars mihi nulla vacat.

A MAN by mad dog bitten, if they say sooth
In every liquid that same dog descries.
Then Love in me has fixed his rabid tooth
And now my soul a prey to frenzy lies.
For thy dear form in rivers, in the sea,
And in the wine-cup shows itself to me.

A NOTHER mark, O Cypris, seek
For there is not
In my whole body, free from wounds
One vacant spot.

THE OLD FISHERMAN.

A. Pal. vi. 30. Macedonius.

AFFIXIT Cleitor plumbo grave rete tridenti,
Denique triste maris depositurus opus.
Tum pelagus lustrans salsum, fluctusque tumentes,
Haec loquitur lacrimis ora genasque rigans:
Ut me pauperies fessum scis ipse, beate,
Debilitans artus, opprimat usque senem.
Quod superest vitae victum e tellure precanti
Da mihi, qui terras oceanumque regis.

ROUND his fish-trident Cleitor, worn and old,
Sick of sea-toil, his weighted net did fold;
And to Poseidon and the salt sea's swelling
Thus spoke, the tear-drops from his eyelids welling:
Thou know'st how penury to me has clung
Persistent, and with pain my joints are wrung.
Still keep me, but on land, dear God, whose will
All things in ocean, and on earth fulfil.

TYCHON, GOD OF SMALL THINGS.

A. Pal. ix. 334. Perses.

RITE vocanti adero; sed magna requirere noli,
Sunt tenui curae tenuia sola deo.
Quae tamen artifici valeat dare numen egenti
Plebeium, haec nutu cuncta Tychonis eunt.

THE BURNT HULK.

A. Pal. ix. 106. Leonidas of Tarentum.

TOT maria expertam tellus dedit ignibus ipsa,
Quae pinos aluit queis ego facta, ratem.
Ad terram incolumem duxit mare, sed mea certe
Inventa est genitrix falsior ipsa mari.

SMALL God of small things I. And I will heed
If rightly called. Ask thou for nothing large.
But where a poor man's God the workers' need
Can help, of this I, Tychon, have the charge.

MUCH sea I traversed, and the land, which bred
The pines to build me, burnt me to the ground.
Me safe and sound to shore the ocean led,
Falser than sea, my Mother I have found.

ROMA.

Melinno (Stobaeus, 87, 26).

ROMA, mi salve, generosa proles
Martis, auratâ redimita mitrâ,
Editas, nunquam temerata, Olympi
Quae colis arces.

Gloriam soli tibi dant Sorores,
Semper infractum imperium tenere,
Ut potens aevum domites in omne
Robore gentes.

Sub jugum mittens maria atque terras
Illigas loris. Ditione cunctos
Tu tenens orbis populos gubernas
Fortiter urbes.

Plura dum vastat senium, vicesque
Mutat humanas, tibi tempus usque
Parcit, et regnum sequitur secundus
Ventus euntis.

Sola de multis generas valentes,
Fortium nutrix. Cererisque more
E viris ipsis potis es beatum
Ducere fructum.

TO ROME.

HAIL, Ares' daughter, warlike Rome.
Gold-crowned, who in majestic state
Dweltest in thine Olympian home,
O Queen inviolate.

To thee alone the Fates allow
To hold supreme unbroken sway,
So that, endowed with power, thou
May'st rule the world for aye.

Thy yoke is fixed upon the land,
Thy bonds upon the ocean grey;
Thou steerest with unfaltering hand
The cities on their way.

Almighty Time, who loves to end
All things, and moulds our lives at will
Doth still the favouring breezes send
Thine Empire's sails to fill.

To thee alone is born, I trow,
Of valiant sons a hardy breed.
Fair fruit, like Ceres, thou dost grow
From men, as she from seed.

HOMER.

A. Pal. ix. 97. Alpheus.

ANDROMACHEN et adhuc ululantem audimus, et ipsa
Pergama de fundo lapsa videre licet,
Atque alacris vires Ajacis, et Hectoris alta
Raptantes circum moenia corpus equos,
Carmine Maeonidis; sibi quem non arrogat una
Urbs proprium, mundi nam manet ille decus.

TIME'S LITTLE IRONIES.

A. Pal. ix. 51. Plato.

OMNIA fert aetas: mutare volubile tempus
Fortunam et mentem et nomen et ora potest.

WE hear Andromache of fate complain
And still see Troy to ruin reel and fall.
Th' onslaught of Ajax, and great Hector slain
By horses dragged round all the city wall,
In Homer's song: the honour of whose name
Eastern and Western shores alike do claim.

TIME filches all, and changes as it flits
Our names, our looks, our fortunes, and our wits.

THREE BROTHERS TO PAN.

A. Pal. vi. 16. Archias.

INCOLA Pan, scopulorum, arma illaqueantia donant
Haec sua tres fratres, munera trina, tibi.
Dat Pigres avium pedicas, laqueosque ferarum
Damis, lina ferens humida Cleitor adest.
Teque favente iterum silvam hic invadat, et ille
Aera, et oceani tertius alta petat.

ON A STATUE OF A SLEEPING ARIADNE.

A. Plan. 146. Author unknown.

TANGERE marmoream Minoida parce, resurgens
Thesea ne cursu praecipitante petat.

PAN of the rocky heights, we brothers three
These snaring tools here dedicate to thee :
Pigres his toils, Damis his wild-beasts net,
And Cleitor his, still with the sea-salt wet.
So we thy favour may, we pray, retain
In air, and oakwood, and the briny main.

HERE Ariadne sleeping lies;
From touching her refrain,
Lest springing up she should pursue
Her Theseus once again.

THE OLD HUSBANDMAN.

A. Pal. vii. 321. Author unknown.

TERRA, senem agricolam, longi haud oblita laboris,
Accipe, ut in gremio dormiat, alma, tuo.
Ille in te posuit plantas albentis olivae.
Et multo coluit palmite, diva, solum.
Frumentoque implevit agros, et flumina duxit
Ut fecunda herbis, fertiliorque fores.
Sis levis emeriti crines super illius albos.
Et tumulo florum tu memor adde decus.

DEAR earth, remembering his long toil on thee
Let old Amyntas in thy lap recline.

In thee he planted many an olive tree.

Filled thee with corn, and prankt thee out with vine.
His water channels too to thee he led,

Whence fruit and herbs thy soil in plenty gave.
Then in return lie soft on his grey head,

And let Spring's flowery herbage deck his grave.

MYCENAE.

A. Pal. ix. 101. Alpheus.

HEROUM urbs visu jam rara superstes, et usquam
Si qua manet, campum vix superare potest.

Talem te noram peregrinus forte, Mycenae,
Hircis depasti nil nisi tesca jugi.

Teque senex inquit monstrans, Urbs alta Cyclopum
Extulit hic arces aurea, dives opum.

HER CROWN OF FLOWERS.

A. Pal. v. 143. Meleager.

SERTA comis imponit, at ipsa corona coronae,
Quum pereant flores, Heliodora micat.

OF Heroes' cities few now meet the eye,
And those that yet survive scarce top the ground.
Thee too, Mycenae, lately passing by,
Naught but a grazing place for goats I found.
And one old shepherd pointing said, Behold
Here stood the Cyclops' city, rich in gold.

HER flower crown fades, which on her brow she bound;
Now shines my love with her own beauty crowned.

MYCENAE.

A. Pal. ix. 28. Pompeius.

ARIDA tesca patent ubi quondam urbs alta Mycenae,
Atque obscura mihi nil nisi saxa manent.
Ast olim potui praeclarae moenia Trojae
Calcare et Priami depopulare domum.
Hinc robur cognosce vetus. Si dura senectus
Sit mihi justa parum, testis Homerus adest.

ON A CUPID BREAKING A THUNDERBOLT.

A. Plan. 250. Author unknown.

ASPICE ut alatus valeat dirumpere fulmen
Alatum; est igni fortior ignis. Amor.

MYCENAE'S site though desert sands bestrew,
And now I'm naught but stones obscure to view,
I once proud Illium's battlements laid low,
And emptied Priam's house. Hence you may know
My former strength. If age my words belie,
Content with Homer's evidence am I.

WINGED Love can break the wingèd bolt of Jove
A stronger fire than fire itself is Love.

THE TOMB OF BAUCIS.

A. Pal. vii. 712. Erinna.

AD cippum accedens, lacrimis tam saepe madentem,
Baucidis, inferno talia fare deo,
'Invidus est Acheron.' Et ab hoc cognosce, viator,
A sponso miseram me rapuisse deos.
Ipsa meis etenim, quâ fulsissent Hymenaei,
Ignem supposuit pinea taeda rogis.
Jamque tui cantus molles, Hymenaei, silescunt,
Perque domos tristis luctus ubique sonat.

HERE lies bride Baucis. O'er her tear-stained urn
Say to the god who rules the realms below,
'Envious art thou, O Death.' So all may learn
How to her spouse Fate dealt a ruthless blow.
That torch of pine-wood fired her funeral pile
Which should to her new home have led the bride.
No happy marriage songs the ear beguile,
But dirges sad resound on every side.

ERINNA.

A. Pal. vii. 13. Leonidas of Tarentum.

PIERIDUM flores quae libans ore puella,
Cantores inter, mella legebat, apis,
Dempsit ad infernos Erinnam mors Hymenaeos;
*Dixit at ipsa sagax, 'Invidus est Acheron.'

* See Erinna's verses on the Tomb of Baucis p. 34.

DEATH IN EXILE.

A. Pal. vii. 477. Tymnes.

NE cures nimium quia sorte, Philaeni, remoto
Longius a Nilo mors patienda tibi,
Sitque in Eleuthernâ tumulus. Subeuntur eâdem
A quocumque loco tristia regna viâ.

GIRL-POET sweet ! like bee at summertide
She nectar sipt the Muses' flowers among.
But grim Death claimed Erinna for his bride :
‘Thou’rt envious, Death’ the girl herself had sung.

ALTHOUGH you die so far from Nile, and find
Your grave in Eleutherne, blame not fate,
Philaenis ; for from everywhere mankind
All by the one same road reach Pluto’s gate.

TRAHIT SUA QUEMQUE VOLUPTAS.

A. Pal. xii. 2. Strato.

NON cecini Priamum super ipsa altaria caesum.

Nec mala Medeae tristia nec Niobae.

Nec frondes inter Philomela in carmine nostro

Moeret Ityn. Veteres haec cecinere satis.

Sunt mihi suavis Amor, Charites, juxtapaque Lyaeus.

Moestaque quam minime talibus ora placent.

THE STATUE OF THE CNIDIAN VENUS.

A. Plan. 162. Author unknown.

ASPICIENS Cnidiam Venerem Cytherea rogavit
‘Quî potuit nudam cernere Praxiteles?’

ISING not Priam slain on altar stone,
Nor sad Medea's woes, nor Niobe's,
Nor in my verse does Philomel make moan
For Itys. Men have sung full oft of these.
Bacchus, sweet Love, the Graces are my theme,
And solemn faces do not them beseem.

THE Cnidian statue of herself
When Venus saw, she cried
'Alack! where hath Praxiteles
My unveiled charms espied?'

REASON *v.* LOVE.

A. Pal. v. 93. Rufinus.

TELA mihi Ratio defendit pectore Amoris,
Mortalemque deus me superare nequit.
Accedat socius si forte Lyaeus Amori,
Quid valeam in binos minus unus ego ?

VENUS ARMED.

A. Plan. 174. Author unknown.

ARMATAM alloquitur Cytheream Pallas Athene,
'Arbitrium mavis sic petuisse, Venus ?'
'Quid,' ridens inquit, 'clipeum in certamine prodest ?'
'Nudaque si vinco, quid magis arma juvant ?'

GAINST Love in Reason's breastplate I'm arrayed,
Nor can the God, alone, o'er me prevail.
But should Love call in Bacchus to his aid,
One matched with two, what can I do but fail?

SHALL we go thus to judgment?' Pallas said,
When Venus clad in armour she espied.
'Naked I conquer; how much more with aid
Of shield and arms?' she with a smile replied.

THE CYNICISM OF LOVE.

A. Pal. v. 176. Meleager.

DURUS Amor, durus. Sed quid juvat usque gementem
Hoc iterum atque iterum dicere, Durus Amor?
Nam Puer haec ridet gaudens convicia: probra
Delectare solent, et mala verba juvant.
Fluctibus at miror glaucis, Cytherea, creatam
Ardentem e lymphâ te generasse facem.

AN EXCHANGE.

A. Pal. ix. 44. Plato.

INVENIENS aurum funem fur linquit, et auri
Invento dominus dat sibi fune necem.

HARD, hard is Love. But what does it avail
Repeating 'Hard is Love' to moan and wail?
Love only laughs. Reproaches fill his heart
With gladness, and revilings strength impart.
But how could you, who out of blue waves came,
From water, Cyprian, give birth to flame?

ATHIEF found gold, and left upon the ground
A rope. Missing the pelf
He'd left, the owner took the rope he found,
And with it hanged himself.

THE TOMB OF SOPHOCLES.

A. Pal. vii. 22. Simmias.

LENITER in tumulo Sophoclis viridissima repens,
Frons hederae, teneras sparge profusa comas.
Floreat hic circum rosa plurima; fertilis uvae
Palmitibus lentis vitis obumbret humum.
Dos illi ingenii, dos reddere dulcia cantu,
Cui Musae et Charites propria dona dabant.

THE GRAVE OF ANACREON.

A. Pal. vii. 28. Author unknown.

EST tumulus quem cernis Anacraeontis, Iacchum
Qui coluit; libans da, peregrine, merum.

O IVY, gently creeping o'er the tomb
Of Sophocles, your fresh green tresses spread.
And all around the spot may roses bloom,
And grape-clad vine her pliant tendrils shed.
Dowered by Muse and Grace he did combine
In sweet-voiced song wisdom and charm divine.

I BURIED here, Anacreon loved the vine ;
O passer by, pour on my grave some wine.

THE DEAD FRIEND.

A. Pal. vii. 346. Author unknown.

EXIGUUM magnae monumentum, care Sabine,
Hoc nostrae statuo marmor amicitiae.
Te semper flebo ; me nunquam pectore Lethes,
Hoc modo fata sinant, eximat unda tuo.

PITILESS LOVE.

A. Pal. xii. 48. Meleager.

UT perii ! mihi, dive ferox, preme calce jacenti
Cervicem ; testor quam gravis esse soles.
Te novi et pharetram, sed ne comburere telis
Ultra speraris ; cor cinis omne meum est.

THIS little stone do I, as record true
Of our great friendship, dear Sabinus, set.
For you I'll mourn. Kind fate forbid that you
Should drink of Lethe's stream and me forget.

I'M down! Fierce God, place on my neck thy heel.
By Heav'n! I know how burdensome thou art.
But of thy flaming darts no more I'll feel
The burning. Naught but ashes is my heart.

EURIPIDES.

A. Pal. vii. 45. Thucydides.

GRAECIA suavidici monumentum Euripidis ipsa est;
Emathia et mortem vidi et ossa tenet;
Patria sed terrae Graium decus illud, Athenae:
Nec, multis placitus carmine, laude caret.

THE GLORY OF THE HEAVENS.

A. Pal. ix. 577. Ptolemaeus.

MORTALI brevis est mihi vita; rotantia miris
Quum tamen aspicio sidera mille modis,
Tellurem pedibus sperno, et Jovis ipsius hospes,
Victu coelestum perfruor ambrosiâ.

OUR poet's bones lie in Emathian earth,
All Hellas' self bears witness to his fame,
Athens the crown of Hellas gave him birth,
And all men now his muse's charm acclaim.

SHORT-LIVED am I and mortal; but when I
View the stars circling in their multitude,
I spurn the earth, and, guest of Jove on high,
Feast on ambrosia, the Immortals' food.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

A. Pal. x. 69. Agathias.

PARCE metu mortis. Genetrix est alma quietis
Quae morbos abigit, pauperiemque simul.
Quippe semel cunctis mortalibus advenit illa,
Scilicet ad nullum bis regit illa viam.
At dum vita manet quot nos cruciare dolores,
Morbi et multiplices exagitare solent.

ON A SILVER STATUETTE OF A SLEEPING SATYR.

A. Plan. 248. Plato.

SPIVIT Satyrum sculptor, non finxit, et ille
Assurget, si vis tangere, dormit enim.

WHY dread'st thou death, mother of rest and peace
Who from disease and want gives full release?
Once and but once she comes to mortals all,
None e'er received from her a second call.
But we're beset, so long as life remains
By swarms of diverse maladies and pains.

DIODORUS wrought not this by hand,
He the Satyr hushed to sleep.
Up at once if touched he'll stand,
The silver doth but slumber keep.

THE GRAVE OF A DOG.

Jacob's Appx. 341. Author unknown.

HUNC forte aspiciens tumulum ridere, viator,
Parce, precor, quanquam contegit ossa canis.
Me lachrymans terrae dominus dedit, atque locavit
Elogium digitis hoc memor ipse suis.

YOUTH AND AGE.

A. Pal. ix. 138. Author unknown.

DIVES ego annosus, juvenem me pressit egestas,
Tristis et hic juvenis casus, et ille senis.
Nil habui poterat quum delectare voluptas,
Omnia nunc habeo quum mihi nulla placent.

IF stranger, as you pass, this tomb you see,
Although a dog lies here, forbear to laugh.
My master wept what time he buried me,
And with his own hand wrought this epitaph.

I'M old, but rich; want gript me when a boy.
Both as old man and boy my case is sad.
So much I have now when I can't enjoy,
And when I could enjoy then naught I had.

THE WORN-OUT PLOUGH OX.

A. Pal. vi. 228. Addaeus.

NON bovis est veteris fessique laboribus Alcon
Oblitus, cultro non jugulare dedit.
Linquit ovans sulcos, et libertate potitus.
Mugit ubi laeto gramine prata virent.

SAFE IN PORT.

A. Pal. ix. 49. Author unknown.

INVENI portum. Spes et Fortuna, valete.
Actum est. Venturos ludificare licet.

THE CHILDREN OF NICANDER & LYSIDACE.

A. Pal. vii. 474. Author unknown.

NICANDRI hic pueros tumulus tenet unus; honestam
Prolem Lysidaces abstulit una dies.

THE worn out ox, his gratitude to show,
Alcon refused to give to butcher's knife.
In the lush meadow grass, with joyous low
Free'd from the plough, it leads an easy life.

FORTUNE and Hope, farewell. I've found the port.
You're naught to me. Of those to come make sport.

HERE lie Nicander's children. One fell day
Swept all Lysidace's dear babes away.

HERMES.

A. Plan. 158. Nicias.

HIC juga Cyllenes Zephyris agitata frequentans
Frondosae, tueor prata fidelis ego,
Hermes, gymnasii: cui saepe thymum, atque hyacinthos
Et violas pueri, florea serta, ferunt.

THE FALL OF BERYTUS.

A. Pal. ix. 501. Author unknown.

URBEM olim vivam linquebat mortuus, urbis
Jam nos viventes ducimus exsequias.

VAIN HOPE.

A. Pal. ix. 8. Author unknown.

VIVENDI semper furtim Spes surripit aevum,
Ultima donec opus conficit omne dies.

HERE on Cyllenes high wind-ruffled hill
I, Hermes, stand, guarding the playing ground.
And oft with marjoram and daffodil
And violets fresh I by the boys am crowned.

THEY left their town alive, who died of old;
We living still our city's funeral hold.

HOPE wastes our lives. The last day dawns, and lo!
All our fine projects to the scrap-heap go.

PINDAR.

A. Plan. 305. Antipater of Sidon.

UT tuba clara sonos summergit arundinis, omnes
Sic alios fidibus tu superare potes.
Nec frustra tibi dona examina fulva tulerunt,
Finxere et molli, Pindare, mella labro.
En deus Arcadiae, calamos oblitus agrestes,
Pindaricum carmen corniger ipse canit.

TO THE LAND OF ERYTHRAE.

Homer vii.

ALMA hominum generi donorum prodiga Tellus,
Sunt quibus omne bonum dat tua plena manus.
Quam tamen infecunda aliis et acerba videris,
Queis meritas segetes, Diva, perosa negas.

TO A FLOWER GIRL.

A. Pal. v. 81. Dionysius.

GIRL with the roses, graceful as a rose,
Say now of what it is that you dispose.
Is it the roses, or yourself, you sell?
Or is it both, roses and self as well?

TO MY SOUL.

Bergk. Theognis ll. 887-88.

KEEP young, dear soul of mine, soon others must
Be men, while I shall die and be but dust.

THE SPARTAN DEAD AT THERMOPYLAE.

A. Pal. vii. 249. Simonides.

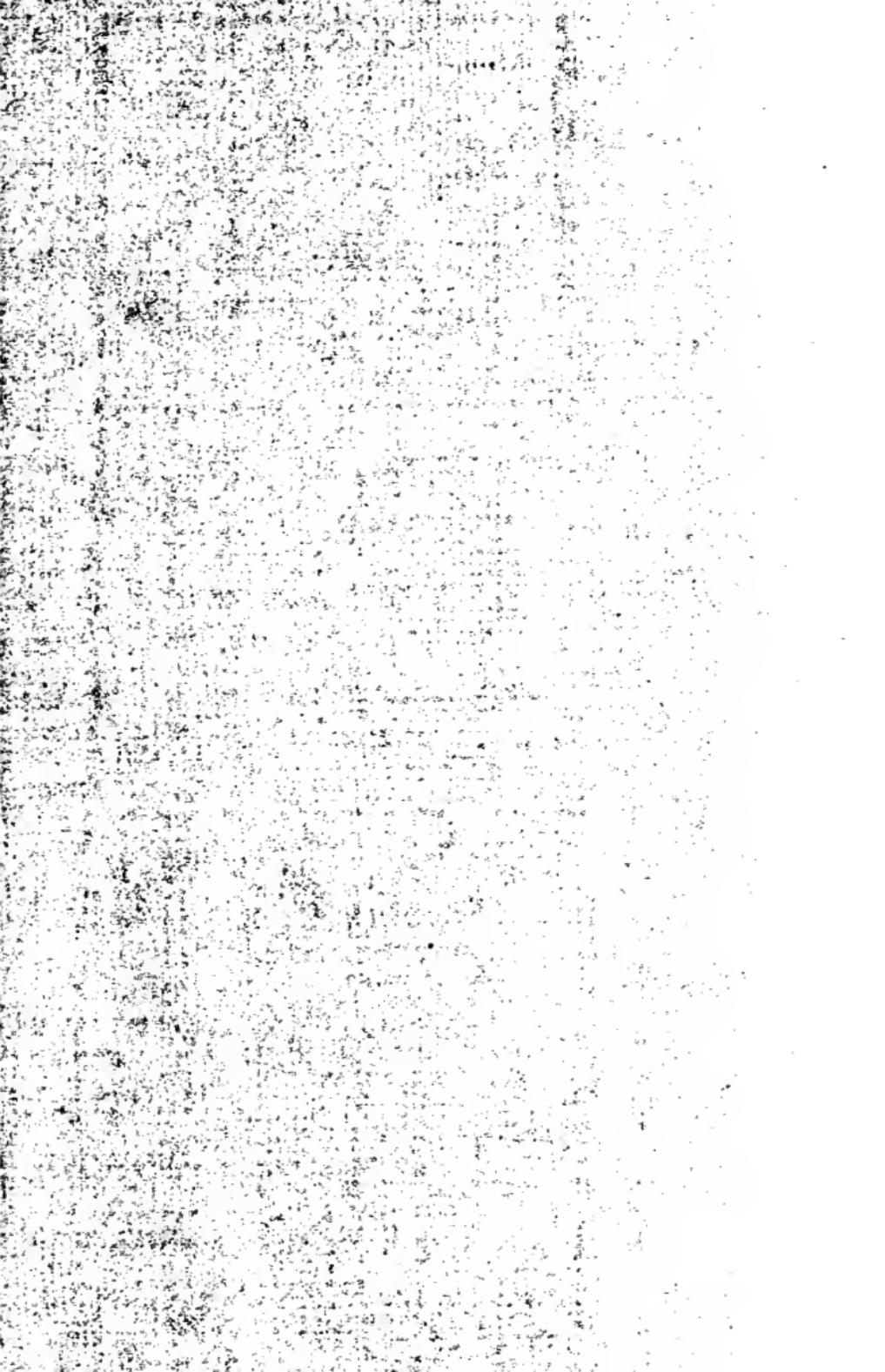
O STRANGER, tell the Spartans that we still
Are lying here, obedient to their will.

FAREWELL.

SALVETE aeternum cantores temporis acti,
Nulla quibus reddi gratia digna potest.
Jam fragiles subeunt anni; gravat intima Lethe
Pectora. Da veniam, lector amice. Vale.

ALL Hail, sweet singers of long by-gone days,
My gratitude to you no words could tell.
Me age enfeebles; Memory decays.
Deal with me gently, reader, and Farewell.





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